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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 12

Christmas brings to the most of us the memory of many a happy day among the days of childhood and later years. Then come back the faces of those who made the day for us bright with joy. To all our readers we wish the best possible Christmas and New Year—more memories that will awaken thankfulness and gladness than those that could bring tears.

It is devoutly to be hoped the Federal Government will never again undertake, in the same way, the shipment and slaughter of cattle from the Far West which has aroused so much criticism. Half the suffering would have been avoided had contracts been kept and promises fulfilled. Better still if the greater part of the animals had been destroyed before shipment.

We are rather ashamed to confess to our readers outside the State of Massachusetts that Boston city authorities, last month, permitted for 12 days a rodeo exhibition. England practically drove the rodeo out of the country, eliminating so many of its features that it became too tame a show to attract the public, and, furthermore, the London public expressed its disapproval of it by staying largely away from it. Here we could not prevent it, but it had to exhibit under the rules our Society laid down which guarded against the worst of its features. Whatever Boston once was, it is no longer a typical American city as our fathers knew it.

English and Scottish humane societies are seeking legislation against the cruelties of the steel trap which is being used to take rabbits. The rabbit is increasing in number so rapidly in these two countries that some humane device for catching them without causing suffering has become a necessity.

It has been bad enough for France to sanction, since the War, the bull-fight within her own borders. Now it has been introduced into Morocco over which she has dominion. That France should lend her influence to these brutal sports is losing her many friends among those who have visited her in the past.

A Rare Opportunity

AND it came about through an invitation to the President of our two Societies to visit Louisville, Kentucky, in the interest of Humane Education. To be given the chance to speak to more than 4,000 high school students, to a class in the laboratory of a medical school, to hold conferences with the directors of the Kentucky Humane Society and of the Animal Rescue League, to urge upon the presidents of a large group of men's clubs the vital need of Humane Education in our public schools and to meet socially many of Louisville's prominent citizens who knew the purpose of the visit, to broadcast for 25 minutes the story of the humane movement and the principles for which Humane Education stands—and then to share the hospitality so generously accorded—all this opened a door to an unusual opportunity and eight days of rare pleasure. The harvest? Who knows? But the soil was there. It seemed to be not the soil of wayside paths, nor of rocky places, nor where thorns abounded, but of good ground. The seed we know was good and the sower at least tried to do his best.

To the visitor, coming to this Southern city for the first time, it was a revelation. Nowhere had this visitor seen such splendid school buildings, and buildings so generously equipped to serve that purpose. It was a joy even to look at them, and nowhere could superintendents, principals and teachers have given a more cordial reception to a stranger from without their gates. And the pupils. They, too, were most responsive. Each school presented an audience inspiring to a speaker given the opportunity to address it.

Louisville, with its college, its museums, its hospitals for both white and colored, its beautiful parks, its multitude of attractive homes, its organizations for civic advancement, its gracious and generous hospitality, is a city of which its people may well be proud. And then it is only 80 miles from Lexington, the center of the blue grass region where so many of America's notable horses have been bred and raised. A day and a half among these great estates, whose green acres number all the way from 400 to

2,000 in extent, must always be a delight to every lover of the horse.

To stand beside Man o' War and smooth his glossy neck which shone like burnished copper, seventeen years old and without a blemish on any of those four legs which had won him those 20 races out of 21 as a two-year-old and a three-year-old colt, was a day never to be forgotten. To the fine colored man, Wm. Harbut, his keeper, Man o' War stands alone. "Never compare this horse," he says, "with any other. He is in a class all by himself." The two, the horse and his keeper are as inseparable as if each belonged to the other. Half a million dollars insurance is carried upon this famous stallion. Space permits no story of the other beautiful horses shown to us at other farms.

A word must be said of two historic places visited, the old Rowan estate, now owned by the State and where Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home"; and the sacred shrine where, within its Memorial Hall, which reminds you of a Greek Temple, stands the tiny log cabin on the spot where Abraham Lincoln was born. This the nation has dedicated to the memory of him of whom one has said: "From the mean cabin in the Kentucky woods he moved upwards, as though led by an invisible hand, through years of obscurity and bitter trial to the peak of transfiguration, and passed at last from sight through the portals of a tragic death to be numbered with the saints and martyrs in glory everlasting."

Our Humane Trapping Law

As we go to press no definite word has been received as to the fate of the Massachusetts Humane Trapping Law. We sought a NO vote at the election. So confusing, muddled, incomprehensible (could this have been intentional?) was the language of the referendum that no one whom we have yet seen could tell whether to vote YES or NO. We are confident thousands voted against our measure who thought they were voting for it. IF DEFEATED, WE START THE BATTLE ALL OVER AGAIN. We shall have more to say next month.

The Christmas Kine

LAURA SIMMONS

*And all for us alone—the holy sight!
Surely the kind God chose us from the
rest—
His lowly beasts about the manger
pressed—
Beneath the towering Star, that gracious
night!
He knew we were not wise; we could not
bring
Fine gold and myrrh unto the stable-bed,
Nor sing for joy of his great Gift out-
spread—
The little Jesus, Lord of everything.
Yet, ere the shepherds came, or anyone—
It was for us, his humble kine, to greet
With low of wonderment and gentle
bleat
The maiden Mother and her wondrous Son.
Oh keepers of the flocks! Did we not share
The cradle of the Lord? All dumb and
poor—
Were we not touched with glory in that
hour—
Worthy forever of your sheltering care?
Give thought that he so loved us, too—
your King.
Give heed—remembering—remembering!*



ON ANDEAN HIGHWAY NEAR PAMPLONA, COLOMBIA

Wild Beast Fights

Film Ban If There Is Cruelty

ANY film incident depicting a fight between two animals and in which cruelty is involved will not be passed for exhibition in this country, says *The Daily Mail*, London, England. Giving this reply to a question in the House of Commons recently, Sir John Gilmour, Home Secretary, said the Board of Censors was giving particular attention to all films produced abroad. Mr. Grenfell had drawn Sir John's attention to films "showing wild beasts spurred and driven into combat."

Mrs. Jack London

Many of the members of the Jack London Club will regret to learn that Mrs. Charnian London, widow of Jack London, met with a very serious accident on her ranch last August when her horse tripped over a hidden wire, throwing her over its head. The horse, weighing 1,150 pounds, fell rolling over the prostrate woman. Her many friends, however, are rejoicing to know that her will to live started a phenomenal recovery and she is now able to get around.

Spain's Nativities

Christmas Eve in Spain is called the Good Night, says a writer in the *Young Catholic Messenger*. Instead of a Christmas tree every Spanish dwelling, and the Churches, have a reproduction of the scene at Bethlehem, called a "Nativity." These little images are large or small, crude or richly designed, according to the means of the possessor. In poor homes they may be made of cardboard and colored paper, with pebbles and sand for the floor of the stable. In homes of the wealthy, the figures of the Virgin and Divine Babe, St. Joseph, and the others who shared in that miraculous event, are costly works of art by the great masters. Some of the "Nativities" are more comprehensive than others, and depict, besides the scene in the stable, the shepherds, warming themselves about a fire on the hillside while their flocks browse nearby, and the approach of the Magi over a rocky road made of cork and a river fashioned of glass, while timid animals peep at them from the undergrowth and perhaps a robber hides among the rocks as they pass. There is much visiting back and forth to see each other's "Nativity," until midnight when the populace goes reverently to mass.

Abolish Hot-iron Branding

FRANK H. CROSS

TO those who wonder why the torture-chamber methods of branding cattle have persisted through the ages, the news that a chemical is displacing the branding-iron will be good news, though it has been a long time coming. For long years cattlemen have thought that the only practical method of placing a permanent mark of ownership on cattle was to brand them with a hot iron, because the hair will grow over any other kind of mark, but not on the scar left by the branding iron. This is no longer true, however, for during the past year a new method has gained favor on western ranges. A chemical compound which removes the hair and prevents it from returning is being used instead. Thus, a brand of any design can be applied by simply removing the hair.

Since early days when cattle grazed on unfenced ranges, it has been the custom to identify every animal with a mark peculiar to the owner and used by him alone. The unmarked animal was known as a "maverick," and if lost or stolen, ownership could hardly be proved. Even now, when free ranges have pretty generally given way to fences, the brand is still considered necessary.

As the new branding liquid becomes better known, it is likely that the use of the branding-iron will be curtailed or abolished.

It costs about one cent a head to brand chemically, but since it saves a lot of labor, it is thought that the new method is cheaper than the old.

Tests of the branding fluid were made by the Montana State College and the United States Department of Agriculture co-operating, and it was found that the regular fire-irons may be used to apply the branding paint if the iron is one-fourth of an inch or more wide. For best results the temperature at time of application should be above 70 degrees. In low temperature the fluid is stiff and difficult to work with.

A paper on the subject by I. M. C. Anderson, livestock specialist, Montana Extension Service, in collaboration with Ross Miller of the Montana State College, explains that "the use of a red-hot iron for burning designs to signify ownership on the hides of western cattle and horses is a practice which has developed with the range livestock industry. Objections to the method are, damage to the hide for leather and pain to the animal. A trade-marked paint-like preparation recently put on the market gives promise of a change in the old method."

As explained, the branding paint has been patented and can be secured at almost any drug store.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston.



International News Photo

WHAT A CHRISTMAS PARTY—TWO FAMILIES OF SAMOYED PUPPIES WITH THEIR AUNT

Character Building

NIXON WATERMAN

*Yes! Buy your boy a dog! They say
 'Twill make him grow more fond
 Of animals: 'tween him and them
 'Twill prove a tender bond.
 And, "sicked on" by "his master's voice,"
 A mis-trained canine should
 Be able to kill all the cats
 Within the neighborhood!*

*Yes! Buy your boy a gun! He'll learn,
 As he shall roam afield.
 To know the harmless birds and beasts
 The plain and forest yield.
 'Twill make him deem himself a man
 And bring him much delight
 (As it does grown-up boys) to kill
 Most everything in sight.*

*Not every boy, with dog and gun,
 Employs them to distress
 God's harmless creatures, and destroy
 With cruel wantonness.
 But now and then there is a youth
 Who does things no boy should;
 Let's hope no such an one resides
 Within your neighborhood.*

*But it is not the boy or dog
 Or gun that brings distress
 Into a peaceful neighborhood—
 They do no wrong unless
 The parents of the youth transmit
 The careless training that
 Incites the boy to kill the birds,
 The dog to chase the cat.*

A Heaven without horses and dogs must
 be a poor heaven. We give so much of our
 hearts to them. DONN BYRNE

Those who love dogs and other animals
 will feel deep satisfaction in a compilation
 of names of some of the great men of history
 who have expressed their belief that human
 beings will meet them in the future life.
 Among such believers have been Luther,
 Wesley, Cowper, Southey, Shelley and
 Bishop Butler. —Post, Worcester, Mass.

A Scotch Terrier in Paris

A True Story

GIRALDA FORBES

It happened on a warm summer day in Paris. I was standing on the curb of the rue de Rivoli with my sister, waiting for a bus to take me to the Cluny museum, and near us stood a stout little Frenchman with an Aberdeen terrier on a leash, also waiting. The little dog sat on the pavement and gazed mournfully in front of him plainly uninterested in his surroundings. The bus was long in coming and I made some remark about it to my sister and she replied, and then we noticed that the little dog was straining at his leash and trying to come over to us. The Frenchman moved nearer to let him reach me, and Scotty sat himself down close up to me on my foot and leaned against me apparently well content. It was so exactly in the manner of a lost child who had at last found his parents that I was deeply moved. We stooped to fondle him and then we became aware that the Frenchman was talking to us. He said:

"Speak to him, if you please. He wants to hear an English voice."

Then he told us the dog's story. He belonged to an Englishman who had come to live with the Parisians earlier in the year to learn French. Then unexpectedly his master had been recalled to England, and on the score of expense, and because he intended to return later on, he had left the dog with them.

"But," said the Frenchman apologetically, spreading out his hands with a despairing gesture, "my wife and me, we cannot speak English to him, and he is lonely. That is why he wanted to get to you when he heard your voices, *le pauvre petit*."

We talked to the little fellow, who pressed closer to me, and made much of him until our bus came along. We wished that we did not have to continue our journey and that we could take him with us. He looked sorrowfully after us as we mounted and drove away. It consoled us a little to know that the man seemed very fond of him and that his owner would soon return.

I have never known of a case where a dog showed so distinctly that it could distinguish between nationalities and their different tongues. What was remarkable too, was that though my sister and I are Americans, we were both born and brought up abroad, and educated in English schools, and we had gone to France not from America, but from India, where our home was, and we are said to have very pronounced English accents. It is only one more proof that dogs should have our very kindest care and attention, for none of us with our greater advantages, can guess at the depth of loneliness and mental suffering that they are capable of feeling.

A Smart Shepherd Dog

While passing through Lindley, N. Y., on a vacation trip, says a writer in *The Shepherd Dog Review*, Boston, I was very pleased to find a German Shepherd dog herding cattle. The dog took about twenty cattle for a piece along the Susquehanna trail, turned them up over the Tioga river bridge on the short cut highway to Elmira, across the bridge and into a pasture. Wondering just what would be the dog's move if a speeding car were to come along, I watched the proceedings carefully. The dog was particular to keep the cattle single file, and when a car appeared from Elmira way, coming down the hill to cross the bridge, the dog got busy in earnest. No departure from single file was tolerated and all were safely put in pasture. This was all done in a heavy rain and by the dog alone. The master, this morning at least, had stayed at home.

Upon inquiry I ascertained that this dog was invaluable to its owner and that he made this trip day in and day out with the cattle and had never had an accident. He loved the work undoubtedly. By a neighboring farmhouse I noticed a poor dejected Shepherd dog chained securely to its little open dog house. What a contrast! The one, full of the joy of living and doing; the other probably wishing he had not been born.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 8—13;
 Humane Sunday, April 7, 1935.

The Raccoon

RACHEL DAY

*Into our yard one afternoon
From the forest crept a shy raccoon;
His brown coat was a pretty sight,
His tail ringed 'round with black and white.
He walked about with cautious tread,
And when he heard us raised his head
And turned to us his quaint masked face,
Then sprang away with artless grace.*

*We called, "Raccoon, its such a treat
To have you here. Come, drink and eat!"
He stopped, then turned as if to say,
"Perhaps I shall come back some day
When creatures forest-bred and dumb
To haunts of men can safely come.
Now, beauty's dangerous you see
And brings but harm to folk like me!"*

Shooting Our Waterfowl

EMORY WARD

THE United States Biological Survey estimates that over fifteen million water-fowl are killed annually by hunters in the United States, and that seven and a half million more are wounded and lost beyond the hunting grounds.

Thousands of hunters take to the lakes and marshes each year for a period of destructive shooting which, at the present rate, will eventually lead to the complete annihilation of America's wild fowl. The most astounding fact of the entire affair is the great number of birds which are only wounded, left to limp painfully off to die.

The maximum number of fowl allotted to each hunter is limited by law, but the requirements are far too lenient. Too many hunters are out purely for the purpose of slaying the wild life of America, and in such ruthless destruction there is no sport.

Wild ducks flying high overhead beyond all possible gun range, are lured within shooting distance by decoy baits and traps. Feed beds on which the ducks have been accustomed to feed during the earlier months are suddenly turned into hunt clubs with the approach of cool weather, and the ducks are slaughtered in wholesale quantities to satisfy the thirsts of self-styled sportsmen.

It is indeed a sad stage of civilization when the Biological Survey of a country such as the United States must report to its citizens that the nation's water-fowl are being killed off annually in numbers of fifteen million, and that half as many are crippled and wounded.

Reindeer to the Rescue

Christmas to Bring Cheer to Starving Eskimos and Indians

FRANK YEIGH

A NEW and thrilling chapter in reindeer history is about to be completed. It is the story of a five-year trek of some three thousand reindeer from Alaska to Northern Canada that is now near its end—a journey of two thousand miles overland to the heart of a vast region within the Arctic circle, crossing en route wide plains, mighty rivers and giant mountain ranges. The tale makes an epic of its kind.

Some years ago, as older folks will remember, a small herd of reindeer was transplanted from northern Europe to Alaska, largely as an experiment, which has proved a most successful one, for the few hundreds of the original stock have increased to over a million, adding millions of dollars to the wealth of that country.

The Canadian government, watching this experiment, decided to adapt the idea on behalf of the Eskimo and Indian population of the Northwest Territories of the Dominion, having in mind the value of these four-footed animals to the needs of man, both as food and clothing and as a means of transportation. So a contract was made with a group of men to drive a large herd cross-country to a ten-thousand-square-mile reserve set apart on the eastern bank of the Mackenzie River. A price of sixty dollars a head was arranged, based on the number that might actually be delivered at the chosen destination.

At Christmas time in 1929, about three thousand selected reindeer were assembled and under a dozen herders were started towards their new home. And now, after a five-year trek, the survivors of the strenuous migration—two thousand odd—are nearing their goal.

The meager reports that have percolated through government channels have given but brief mention of the difficulties encountered. Temperatures for example have ranged as low as 70 degrees below zero. Many narrow escapes from freezing have occurred as well as the loss of many animals, especially through the furious blizzards that sometimes swept for days from the Arctic fringe. Sometimes numbers of the animals, distraught by the storms, wandered away and the herders were required to search far afield for them, thus causing long delays.

Another danger among many was that from neighboring herds of their quadruped

cousins, the caribou, who would surround sections of their more domesticated brethren and try to sweep them into their own migratory columns.

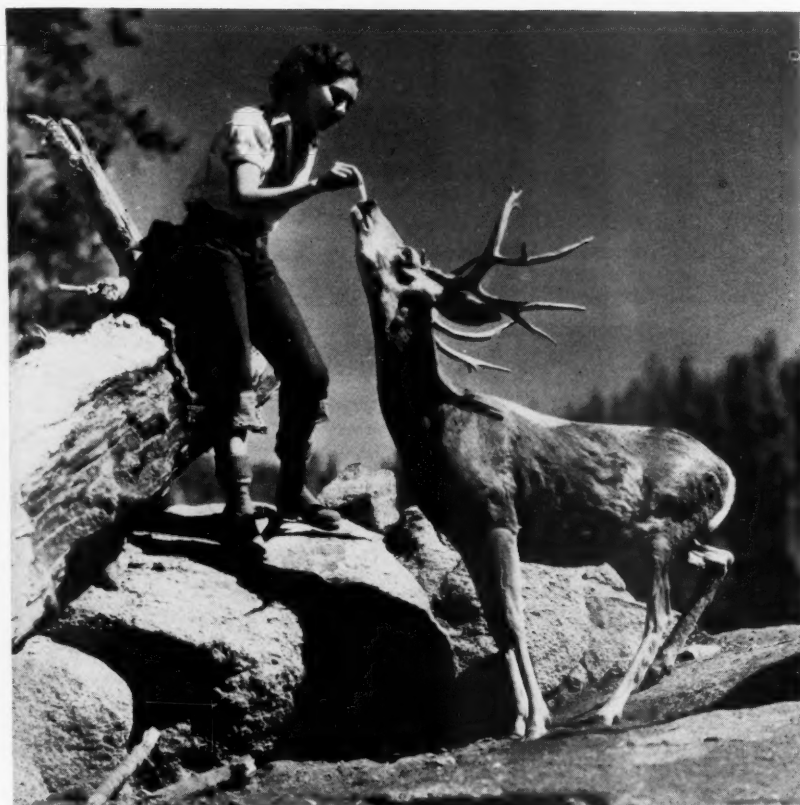
The reindeer herders have put in five exacting and exciting years in marshaling their charges. They have had to fight off wolves and grizzlies which constantly have attacked the herd; they have had to contend with sickness and accidents among their own numbers as well as in the reindeer herd; they have had to forge their way through icy wilderness and tangled scrub, over glare ice and treacherous snowy hummocks. And, most provoking perhaps of all handicaps, they have had to contend with the homing instincts of the animals and their repeated tactics of doubling back on their tracks.

Now that the surviving animals near their rendezvous, it will be to them a promised land. Living conditions will be ideal, as to a supply of food in the shape of nature grasses and the sprouts of new growths of spruce and birch, which are delicacies to these creatures of the wild. They will be, too, under governmental protection as the enclosure will be a great game preserve and carefully trained herders will be on constant duty. The authorities are hopeful that the same natural increase will take place as in Alaska, and that ultimately and perhaps soon a great Canadian reindeer industry of a high monetary value will result. The chief object, however, of the undertaking is to provide a permanent food and clothing supply for the scattered inhabitants of the Arctic rim and thus avoid the ever-present danger of famine, as sometimes in the past. It will be remembered that Santa Claus's favorite steed is very highly regarded in Lapland, where every part of its anatomy is used, even after serving its masters during its lifetime.

Such is the story of the greatest animal trek ever attempted by men, although nature herself has long since performed similar marvels as the vast herds of caribou and musk ox and other stalwart denizens of the Far North have moved at their will over countless leagues of wild territory. With the arrival of the reindeer comes the assurance of the necessities of life to the Eskimo and Indian natives, a population numbering probably 5,000. What more welcome present could be theirs at the Christmas tide?



REINDEER AT SHINGLE POINT, YUKON TERRITORY, LAST WINTER



A BREAKFAST SNACK IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

Sir Walter Scott's Love for Animals

REV. ARTHUR HEDLEY

MANY articles have been written, and at least one book, on the affection of Sir Walter Scott for his dogs, but little has been written on his fondness for horses, and his tender feelings towards other members of God's dumb creation. His kindness to every living creature was a striking part of the benignity of his character. He seemed to consult not only their bodily welfare but to understand their language and feelings.

His kindness for animals was revealed in his earliest days. Being lame and weak in his boyhood, he spent many months at Sandyknowe, near Kelso, with his uncle. This kind-hearted man, to save the legs of little Walter, gave him a dwarf pony of the Shetland race which was not so large as many a Newfoundland dog. Such was the friendship between the pony and Walter that it walked freely into the house to be fed from the lad's hand. In the evening of his life, his grand-daughter was afflicted with an infirmity akin to his own, and he presented her with a little mare of the same breed, which he named "Marion," in memory of his early favorite.

He was a great lover of horses and became an excellent horseman. His favorite animal was a black horse which he called "Captain." Once, when crossing the Tweed, Scott found to his dismay that the river was in flood, and the horse was out of its depth. The noble animal, however, struck

out and swimming strongly soon landed its master safely on the other bank. Another favorite horse was named "Lieutenant," and it was when riding this horse that he composed many of the verses of his early poems. In his declining years, he said to his son-in-law, "Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among the braes when I was thinking of Marmion, but a trotting canting pony must serve me now."

Once, when riding in a carriage in his old age, he saw a carter ill-treating his horse. In great indignation he called on him to desist. The man looked and spoke insolently, and as the carriage drove on Scott told his relative and biographer, L. G. Lockhart, what he would have done to the man, had the incident occurred within the bounds of his sheriffship. Mr. Lockhart jokingly replied that he was surprised that his porridge diet had left his blood so warm, and quoted Prior's lines:—

*"Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon a mess of water gruel?"*

He smiled graciously and extemporized this variation of the next couplet:—

*"Yet who shall stand the Sheriff's force
If Selkirk carter beats his horse?"*

Although as an act of courtesy Scott attended the chase, he found no pleasure in killing animals or birds for sport. He said one day to Sir Basil Hall, who had not joined the hunt with the rest of the visitors,

"Are you a sportsman?" "No!" replied Sir Basil, as he found "nothing amusing in shooting animals."

"Well, neither do I," said Scott. "Time was when I did shoot a great deal but somehow I never liked it much. I was never quite at ease when I had knocked down my blackcock and going to pick him up, he cast his dying eye on me with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbors, but I am not ashamed to say that no practice ever reconciled me fully to the cruelty of this affair. I take more pleasure in seeing the birds pass me unharmed."

An amusing incident happened when Scott was leaving the house with a large party of visitors. A little black pig became a self-elected addition to his "tail of dogs." His daughter screamed with laughter and said, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet." A blush and a smile appeared on his face when he perceived the pig frisking about his pony. He tried to look stern but in a moment was obliged to join the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap around his neck and was led away whilst Scott repeated the first verse of an old pastoral song:—

*"What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast I had na mae
And now! but I was vogie!"*

Both this pig and a hen had taken a most sentimental attachment to Scotland's great genius. There were two donkeys also, who always left their pasture to lay their noses over the paling, to have, said Washington Irving, "a pleasant crack with the laird."

Sir Walter was greatly distressed because one of his dogs, Nimrod, pounced upon and killed, a sleeping cat, the favorite pet of a cottager's child. He tried to wipe away the child's tears with a gift from his purse and, later, instructed his daughter to see that the cat had a proper funeral.

Sir Walter Scott in his love and tenderness towards dumb creation stands out as one of Scotland's noblest gentlemen. At his passing his domestic animals seemed conscious they had lost their best friend. There can be no doubt that Scott's beautiful humanitarian spirit, revealed in an age when there was much cruelty to dumb animals, was caught by others, until a few years before his death, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came into being, which for many years has carried on such a noble work on behalf of God's dumb creation throughout Britain.

Will You Sign This Petition?

If so, please send us your name and address as indicated below, and we will add it to the list.

We, the undersigned, knowing the great and unnecessary cruelty of the present methods of slaughtering food animals, do hereby pledge ourselves to cut our consumption of meat and meat products ten per cent or more, until humane slaughter is installed in every abattoir, all carcasses to be stamped "Humanely slaughtered."

Name
Street address
City State

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts, Boston Office; 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1934

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Audubon Society and Trapping

AT the meeting of the National Association of Audubon Societies, held October 29-30, the following Resolution was presented, but failed to pass. Those who read last summer the two articles in *Our Dumb Animals* for and against the trapping at the Rainey Sanctuary will be interested to know of the action taken:

Whereas: it is anomalous that the National Association of Audubon Societies, incorporated for the protection of birds and animals should be engaged in trapping animals on its Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary for Birds and Animals; and

Whereas: such trapping is excused by the Directors on the ground that it is necessary for the protection of the birds on the Rainey Sanctuary; and

Whereas: the Directors offer no proof that the trapping of the animals of the sanctuary is necessary for the preservation of the birds of the sanctuary; and

Whereas: competent scientists have declared that there is little, or no, competition between the animals and the birds of the Rainey Sanctuary;

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by the members of the National Association of Audubon Societies assembled in annual meeting, that the Board of Directors be urged to discontinue trapping of animals on the Rainey Sanctuary for a period of three years, in order to determine the effect upon the preservation of the birds. (Even the plea of a one-year discontinuance of trapping was not approved by the Directors.)

We have been told that the secretary of the Association and other members of the organization were not antagonistic to the Resolution.

At this meeting Dr. Pearson, after more than thirty years of service in the Association, presented his resignation as president.

...

There is in every animal's eye a dim mirage and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not the soul. RUSKIN

The E R A Cattle

LETTERS and complaints have been coming into humane societies relative to the condition of the unfortunate cattle which have been shipped from the West to eastern states for pasturage and ultimate slaughter. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has had its share of complaints of the Government's way of dealing with the situation. Here is an illustration of what happened:

One farmer agreed on August 24 to take some 200 head of starving cattle from the West. The animals arrived not till October 5 when the pasturage by that time was gone, due largely to heavy frosts. The farmer tried to call the attention of the ERA officials to the situation but it seemed that everyone who should have had the authority to do something about it had resigned. To quote from an editorial in the *Worcester Gazette* of October 22:

"If it were merely a matter of supplying food for the cattle, the problem would be comparatively simple. If it were merely a matter of investigating to discover who in ERA administrative circles hereabouts is responsible for the apparent neglect, that also should not be difficult.

"But the trouble goes deeper. Those cattle were brought to Massachusetts under the auspices of a Washington administration. Cattle were moved East in haste—but without apparent speed—and the farmer upon whose land they are starving can't even find a proper official with whom to register a protest. The unfortunate part is that those—even cattle—whom the multifarious government bureaus are supposed to aid, frequently lose out."

This special farmer was also promised one dollar a head to transport the cattle from the railroad station to his farm. Someone agreed to do it for half that and he lost that job. Meanwhile he had spent \$355 in wire fencing to care for the cattle and he is thus several hundred dollars out of pocket with no chance, it would seem at present, ever to get his money back. Had the cattle been delivered on time, according to the contract, he might have made a little out of the deal, though one dollar a month for pasturing cattle, it seems to us, promises loss instead of gain.

Our officers have done all in their power to save the animals from suffering, have destroyed some animals too far gone to be allowed to live, and have tried to reach Government officials to see what could be done to remedy the deplorable situation. We can say only this that we have had word that all the animals shipped into the State will be slaughtered by November 15. A report from Maine tells a far worse story of suffering and hunger and ill-treatment of the cattle received.

The waste of money involved in the Government's attempt to look after the starving western cattle must have been enormous. Carloads of them were shipped through to Boston, slaughtered, the carcasses boned out, and then the meat shipped back to Buffalo to be canned, as no sufficient facilities were at hand here for the canning process.

...

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

A Humane Organization and a Medical School

MUCH is said from time to time about humane organizations furnishing animals for vivisection to medical schools. In Chicago the fine Animal Pound, virtually built through the untiring efforts of the Chicago Humane Education Society, is compelled by a city ordinance to deliver for purposes of experimentation to medical schools a certain percentage of its animals. Twenty-two thousand have been so used since 1931.

In Louisville, Kentucky, the same arrangement had to be made before the Animal Rescue League could gain control of the pound and save it from the wretched management under which it had formerly operated. During the terms of the medical school it meant turning over to the school 18 animals a week. But, in such circumstances no better arrangements could be made than have been in operation there. A trained nurse, sent by the League, is always present when these animals are being used. She sees that each animal is completely anaesthetized before the experiment, watches the various stages of the operations and guards against all unnecessary suffering. The writer of these words visited this school and was given a cordial welcome by the institution to witness the procedure and to address the medical students. While no humane society would turn over any animal for vivisection unless in order to save a larger number of animals from a city pound's heartless and cruel management, if it is compelled to give up part of them, we do not see how a better plan could be adopted than that entered into by the Animal Rescue League of Louisville. If a whole loaf is impossible, it means much, at least, to get the larger part of it.

Helpers That Help

Two of our good friends and members, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Cheever of Springfield, have showed their deep interest in the efforts that have been made in Massachusetts to abolish the cruelties connected with the steel trap. To help in the campaign to secure a NO vote on the referendum placed on the ballot at the election November 6th, they hired two men, at no small expense, to secure signatures which were necessary for placing on the ballot the referendum; then paid for pamphlets and leaflets and a thousand letters which were sent out to different people requesting them to vote NO, the vote the Humane Trapping Council and all the humane societies have been endeavoring to obtain. If all lovers of animals the world over were to do, even in proportion to their ability, what these two loyal friends have done, how swiftly the humane cause would be recording its triumphs!

Humane Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. We will welcome your contribution. Please make checks payable to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, *Counsel*

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CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treas.; MRS. AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work Com.

Springfield Branch—MRS. DONALD C. KIBBE, Pres.; MRS. AARON BAGG, Treas.

Winchester Branch—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers	15,008
Cases investigated	495
Animals examined	5,955
Animals placed in homes	151
Lost animals restored to owners	37
Number of prosecutions	1
Number of convictions	1
Horses taken from work	13
Horses humanely put to sleep	43
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,654

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	58,197
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	14

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been re-membered in the wills of Mrs. Andree E. Chevalier of Brookline, Mary Bell Fraser of Boston, and Mrs. Elizabeth Town of Cambridge.

November 13, 1934.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMED, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	892	Cases	2,964
Dogs	640	Dogs	2,373
Cats	234	Cats	536
Birds	9	Birds	52
Horses	9	Goats	2
		Rabbit	1
Operations	985		

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 124,209

Dispensary Cases 290,895

Total 415,104

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	116
Cases entered in Dispensary	411
Operations	176

Medal for Noted Musician

For plunging into the cold water of the pond on the Boston Public Garden one day late in the fall to rescue a stranded pigeon, Mr. Raffaele Martino, well known as the leader of the Eighteenth Century Orchestra and also as conductor of the FERA operatic orchestra in Boston, was awarded the humane medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

\$500 in Prizes for Traps

For the eighth consecutive year the American Humane Association of Albany, N. Y., announces its annual humane trap contest which will close April 30, 1935. The contest is open to everyone and contestants are urged to write to the Association for further details. The judges, eminent men in the field of conservation, will award six prizes, totaling \$500. Prizes of \$150 and \$75 will be given for the best traps for taking animals alive and unharmed. For traps of the leg-gripping type, holding without injury, the prizes will be \$100 and \$50, and for traps of the killing type the prizes are \$85 and \$40.

Humane traps are being used by trappers to good advantage. They find that unharmed pelts are more easily marketable. The Association favors the alive and unharmed type of trap, which is easily carried. When the animal is taken the pelt is unharmed by the vicious jaws of the steel trap, and there is no useless killing of unwanted animals.

The Coming Auxiliary Fair

THE all-day Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will be held at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, Wednesday, December 12. Everybody is welcome to attend and, from present prospects, it looks as if those who do not will miss something decidedly worth while.

Headed by Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president, a large committee is working hard to present unusual features and insure a marked success for the event. Luncheon, under the direction of Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt, will be served at 11:30 A.M. From 2 P.M. on, bridge will be enjoyed under the joint chairmanship of Mrs. Roy Perry and Mrs. Edward Brown. Miss Josephine Cericotti, in costume, will be the guest artist at the entertainment. Horoscopes will be read by Miss Ellen Gerville.

There will be a flower table, with all the new sedums in fancy pots, in charge of Miss Dorothy Gray, a food table under the direction of Mrs. Harry Cole, and also candy, household, white elephant and children's tables.

Contributions of merchandise or money may be forwarded to the treasurer, Mrs. A. J. Furbush, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Please remember: Date, December 12; place, Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston; benefit, Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

For the Horses' Christmas

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will observe its annual custom of distributing Christmas dinners for horses on the Saturday before the holiday. At the most advantageous places available, generous bags of feed will be given to drivers, or placed on their trucks for home consumption. The horses of "peddlers' row" will be visited and each supplied with a twenty-pound bag of oats, cut-up apples and carrots. Any surplus will be carried to stables where it will be most acceptable. So many have contributed towards this holiday celebration in the past that we feel they will very gladly send a donation, however small, to insure its repetition.

A Sad Affair

Many readers of *Our Dumb Animals* and others must have read of the cruel and brutal treatment of a dog at Winston-Salem by Dr. C. W. Cranford, veterinarian. The story is too horrible to relate. The outcome of the trial of this veterinarian was that he was sentenced to pay a fine of \$25 and the costs in municipal court on each of the charges of nuisance and assault at the time of his conviction of cruelty and also sentenced to four months on the county farm. Our representative, Mr. Seymour Carroll, of Columbia, S. C., did everything in his power to further the cause of justice in bringing this man to trial, even offering to pay the fee of the lawyer to prosecute him. This was not needed as we understand a lawyer cheerfully volunteered his services.

Drinking fountains for dogs have been installed at thirty railway stations in Berlin.

—Dogdom



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Ella A. Maryott

Societies' Annuity Bonds

MANY men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill in the coupon and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name

Age

Address

City State

Honor for a Humane Worker

AGAIN this year, Mrs. Wilson Groshans, of Aurora, Illinois, a widely known worker in the field of animal welfare, was asked to sing at the Century of Progress Fair at Chicago. For twenty-five years she has served as Humane Officer for her section of the State without compensation. Not only the animals but the aged and children as well have found in her a helpful friend. Mrs. Groshans sang in the English, German and the Holland languages Old Hundred. She sang also as a school girl at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893.

John L. Shortall

IT is with genuine regret that we record the death of John L. Shortall who died at his home, 339 Barry Avenue, Chicago, on Sunday, September 9, 1934, after a long illness. He was in his seventieth year. His father, John G. Shortall, was president of the Illinois Humane Society from May, 1877, to May, 1906, and of the American Humane Association from 1893 to 1898, and contributed very greatly to the humane cause during that time.

It was on the invitation of John G. Shortall in 1877, then president of the Illinois Humane Society, that various delegates met at Cleveland, Ohio, October 9, 1877, "to consider the question of maltreatment of animals in transit between the East and West." This meeting resulted in the organization of the International Humane Society, the name of which in the following year was changed to the American Humane Association.

Mr. John L. Shortall succeeded his father as president of The Illinois Humane Society in May, 1906, and continued to act as president until 1910, at which time he retired for one year. He acted again as president of the Society from 1911 to 1918. Mr. Shortall was a very eager and active humanitarian, vitally interested in the work and welfare of the Society. During the time that his father was president of the Society he was very active and interested and frequently investigated cases of cruelty, and represented the Society in the Courts, prosecuting cases of cruelty to both children and animals. He was very generous in his support of the Society and contributed financially at different times when the Society was in need and to enable it to carry on its work. He was interested in the welfare not only of the Society but of all those who were doing the work of the Society. He had a very kindly, lovable and friendly disposition; was a staunch and true friend; a noble and admirable character. He leaves an imperishable impress for good on the Society and its work.

And when you are in the house alone, what hours of solitude slip easily by, just because there is a happy dog to give you company.

B. MARTIN

The Race for More Guns and Battleships

THE leading nations of the world ignore the lessons taught by the Great War. Over and over we were told by the world's so-called statesmen that if the war had taught us anything it was that great armies and navies were no assurance of peace, but were bound to lead to war. Now read the following from the Foreign Policy Association's report:

France is spending for naval, military and air budgets 25.8 per cent more than in 1913, Italy 26.3 per cent more, Great Britain 48.8 per cent more, the United States 190.9 per cent more, and Japan 388 per cent more.

One can but think of Shakespeare's words, "What fools these mortals be."

The University of Minnesota, we are glad to learn, has abolished compulsory military training. If we had our way every college, university and school in the land would train for peace and not for war.

American Fondouk in Fez, Morocco

Report for September, 1934—30 Days

Daily average large animals	37	\$68.46
Forage for same		
Daily average dogs	12	10.49
Forage for same		20.44
Large animals humanely put to sleep	20	13.81
Transportation		94.31
Wages, grooms, etc.		91.36
Assistant's salary		26.80
Veterinary's salary		16.76
Motor allowance		72.93
Sundries		

\$415.36

Entries: 11 horses, 15 mules, 52 donkeys.
Exits: 7 horses, 6 mules, 26 donkeys.

Monthly Report of Supt.'s Assistant, and Inspector, on 70 Native Fondouks, and the two markets for animals held twice weekly, and distances walked throughout the Souks and the Medina, the Mellah, the Ville Nouvelle, where are the Police Headquarters, and the Batha Division.

Kilometers traveled, 221; cases investigated, 532; animals seen, 14,664; animals treated, 4,441; animals transferred, 49.

The municipal authorities have taken a leaf out of our book and drinking fountains are springing up all over the city.



FEZ FONDOUK, WITH NEW ADDITION AT RIGHT

Helping Our Friends, the Birds

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

IT is not too early to get the feeding-stations ready when we take the bird-houses in. If they can be protected from storm, good. Place them secure from cats, and preferably in sight of the living-room window. A long perch across the window a few inches from the top is highly satisfactory. Small tacks may be driven into the top of the window from which cords with pieces of suet are suspended. By lowering the window from the top, one may easily renew the food supply without going out into the snow.

We are warned not to pick berries of bitter-sweet and mountain ash but to save them and all similar berries for the birds. We have found them more needed in mid-



DO NOT LET THEM STARVE THIS WINTER

winter than early in the season. It may prove a kindness to pick as freely as we wish for autumn decoration. Then, when it is time to discard them for the Christmas greens, they may be freed from dust by a good rinse in clear water, and the birds, having denuded most of the berry-bearing bushes, will the more appreciate them.

Dogwood trees are highly ornamental and greatly appreciated by the birds. Pepperidge and sassafras are other ornamental trees of high food value for the birds. High-bush cranberry, shadbush, black alder, blueberry, spicebush and a host more of berry-bearing bushes will not only add beauty to the landscape but will help the feathered beauties in time of greatest need. Sumac, highly ornamental when it is in its autumn colors, is a joy to them at all seasons, topped with its red-haired clusters of edible seeds. Roadside planting may mean a lot to the birds, besides utilizing space otherwise taken up with weeds.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Be Kind

SOLVEIG PAULSON

*Be kind to all living things,
Each bug that crawls, each bird that sings.*

*Keep always present in your mind
Ideas that are brave and kind.
Never needlessly hurt one
Defenseless creature "just for fun."*

*Teach others to appreciate;
Only cowards live in hate.*

*All that live share love and life,
Nor were they meant to live in strife.
In every heart the force for good
Makes all unite in brotherhood.
Allow each creature, great or small,
Life in its way, to fly, to crawl;
Sincerely be a friend to all.*

Animal Travelers

WITHOUT doubt one of the most mysterious phenomena in nature is the migration of what we suppose to be "lowly animals," writes Lewis Wayne Walker in *Firelight*. Such travels are not alone confined to feathered creatures, but also occur to a certain extent among mammals, insects, and even reptiles. The birds, however, have sky lanes without detours, and are capable of swift flight; hence their journeys are longer, and more spectacular than the trips of the others.

All birds do not migrate in the same way. Some hurry along to their destination as though their very lives depended upon speed, while others are slow and methodical, and feast wherever food is found. Some types seek a sky lane high in the air, others flit from branch to branch, tree to tree, until they reach their objective.

When we try to come to some conclusion on the why and wherefore of migration, we run across many snags. We know surely that food is a deciding factor, and the same can be said of temperatures, but what sense it is that tells them where to go — and how to get there — is a mystery. Cold temperatures force a freezing over the ponds in the north, so the ducks and geese must go south. That is simple logic. But what is it that in the spring makes them leave tropical feeding grounds, and travel several thousand miles back to the regions where they were raised? At best, migration is mysterious. Theories have been voiced galore.

A few centuries ago, the Europeans believed that swallows hibernated the winter months away buried in mud. A Frenchman, however, had his doubts, and to test out the theory, tied bright red yarn to the feet of many of the birds. He knew that a month or more in mud would sadly fade such material. If, however, when the birds returned the following spring, the color was still bright, then the mud theory would be smashed. Needless to say, the color was still bright. This Frenchman was really the father of present-day bird banding.

It often seems to the casual observer that some individual birds stay in the same spot through the whole year. I have in mind the song sparrows of the eastern states. Bird banding, however, has shown that in most cases they all move a slight bit southward, but that, due to their large breeding range, they are present both winter and summer. As an example, song sparrows that nest in Maine, winter in Boston, while those that breed in Boston, move south to New Jersey, and so on down the coast.

Insects, fish, mammals, and occasionally reptiles, have members of their group which travel from a summer to a winter range. In the insect class the best-known example is the monarch butterfly. These gorgeous brown creatures gather on branches in the fall of the year. When the group reaches sufficient size, they take off and head southward. Very few of them reach their destination. Winds blow them off their course, and they are preyed upon by their many enemies, but nevertheless

A Pioneer in Korea

Few travelers could fail to notice that animals in Seoul are treated better than in most Asiatic towns, we are told. This is due in large measure to the untiring efforts of one woman, Mrs. Thomas Hobbs, who with her husband went to work in Korea under appointment of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mrs. Hobbs was the first to propose the organization of the Seoul S. P. C. A. a little more than ten years ago. Under her leadership that Society was built up to a membership of more than three hundred and fifty at the time of her death last April. Her heart had been burdened by the ill-treatment of animals that she saw in her work among the people she loved, and it was her constant desire to mitigate cruelty and make life happier and safer for all. She had succeeded in attracting many influential persons, including Koreans, Japanese, missionaries and commercial representatives, to the cause of animal welfare. It is to be hoped that the Society will be able to carry on even with the loss of so great a leader.

The noblest of all service is that of easing the pain of the world. CANON SHATFORD

it is a migration, and made up of insects, at that.

Ocean fish place many thousands of miles between their winter and southern homes. There is a possibility that some of their journeys are even longer than those recorded for birds, but at best the fish of the sea are mysterious. Little is known of their habits. The tuna fishermen of southern California follow their prey clear to the Equator during the winter, and then as spring rolls along they follow them back to California waters.

Reptile migrations are in most cases just a mountain-to-valley affair. There are exceptions, however. The sea turtles, for instance, often place many thousands of miles between the spot where they crawl up on the sandy beaches to lay their eggs, and the locality where they bask in tropical winter sunshine.

Strangely, some of our mammals take long journeys. The fur seals of the Pribilof Islands in the north Pacific journey several thousand miles southward to spend the winter months. They too have that homing sense which birds possess. Otherwise, how could they, year after year, unfailingly return to their tiny island homes which are mere dots in a wide ocean?

Many bats raise their young in the north, and dine on a bountiful supply of summer insects. When winter approaches, however, and kills off their food, they, like the birds, take to wing and journey to tropical lands. The belief that they often cover great distances, non-stop, so to speak, has been borne out by the occasional capture of them on ocean liners.

One of the strangest of all mammalian journeys is that periodic mad trip made by northern lemmings. Every seven or eight years these mouselike mammals overrun a certain locality. When their population becomes so great that the region cannot supply their needs, they get an insane desire to travel. They ford rivers in their progress. Thousands are killed by their natural enemies as they march bravely on. Eventually they reach the ocean or large lakes and plunge gallantly in — to disappear forever! This type of migration is surely overly mysterious. Probably the most logical explanation is that voiced by Swedish naturalists, which declares that the tiny mammals on reaching a certain population, become subject to a disease which makes them insane. A few of course don't get this disease, and they hold back while the multitudes go off to their death. In seven years of time the offspring of the survivors become again over-numerous, the disease strikes again, and once more there occurs a migration — of death.

...

Capone, Dillinger on the highway are no more heartless and bloodthirsty than the man who builds up armaments in another nation for the purpose of sending his own people to the front that they may furnish the means by which to murder them. More than anything else that contributed to the great war was the sordid and vicious propaganda which was constantly carried on by munition manufacturers. Killing is the business of armament manufacturers, governments are their customers.

SENATOR WM. E. BORAH

Nesting-places for Birds

LELIA MUNSELL

NESTING-PLACES are as important in protecting the birds as safety from enemies, food and drink. Thoughtful people are wondering if the destruction of osage orange hedges in the Middle West is not a blow at the birds. These hedges provided homes for great numbers of birds in a country where there were none too many trees and it was undoubtedly because of this that the corn belt was remarkably free from insect pests. Small armies of quail found refuge in the hedges. Where will they go now?

The matter of nesting-places has received occasional attention in different parts of the country. A goodly number of farmers have established small bird refuges on their farms, in co-operation with State Game Commissions, Audubon societies, bird clubs, state schools, and local organizations. They figured that the protection to their crops offset the land planted to trees and shrubs. Highway planting, while not designed for bird protection, has served that purpose. Some railroads have planted their right of way and thus provided nesting homes. Parks and cemeteries are safety zones for birds. Bird houses do their bit but of course it is a small bit, though surveys have shown that fifty-five varieties of birds will nest in man-made houses.

There are two motives in protecting our birds—the esthetic and humane motive, and the monetary motive. The first rests somewhat with the individual. The monetary value is large.

There is something uncanny in the way birds congregate where they are needed to fight injurious insects or rodents but there are some classic instances to prove that they do.

During the locust invasion of the Rocky Mountain region in 1865-1867 birds came from every quarter, the lordly eagle and the tiny humming-bird. Field mice invaded the Humboldt River region in Nevada in 1907-1908. The news got out and the bird armies assembled. They gobbled up 900,000 mice a month and the plague was stayed. The alfalfa weevil attacked the Great Salt

Lake territory and forty-five species of birds came gallantly to the rescue. The stomach of one Brewer blackbird contained 442 of the insects, even the English sparrow earned a reward of merit. It was estimated that the young sparrows, during the continuation of the plague, were fed 500,000 weevils in the nest, besides what the adults ate. On a 200-acre wheat farm in North Carolina small migratory birds ate as many as 3,000 aphides daily.

Suppose there are no nesting-places for these bird armies? What will become of them? It will take sense as well as sentiment to save them. Every tree and every shrub planted and protected will help to provide nesting-places.

Animals and Christmas

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

CHRISTMAS TIME can be used easily and naturally to quicken a truer love for animals in children.

One good plan is to tell children of the delightful custom in Holland of teaching the children that their good Saint Nicholas will come riding on a handsome big white horse. How natural, then, that the children should clean their wooden shoes very carefully, and then fill them with wheat and oats on Christmas eve. Imagine their delight on waking to find that their shoes have been filled with toys and candy in return for their kind thought for the jolly Saint's horse.

Then, the story of how all children in far-away Norway prepare a special dinner for their pets, and how they enjoy seeing their big brothers and sisters, a few days before Christmas put up a pole near their houses. On this pole on Christmas eve a sheaf of wheat, saved specially from the harvest, is fastened for the birds' Christmas feast. These stories, and other similar ones, will lead children to suggest and make their own plans for special Christmas kindness to their own pets.

Co-operation by parents in such plans will help to stimulate lasting interest in animal kindness. To stress such kindness as in harmony with the true Christmas spirit will also make a lasting impression.



GLAUCOUS GULLS FOLLOWING THE HARROW FOR WORMS

Taking Life in Tibet

RIN-CHEN LHA-MO

A Native Tibetan Woman

OUR religion prohibits the taking of any kind of life. Animals have immortal souls just as human beings have. But man is the dominant creature and he is carnivorous and so, with us, in Tibet, the animals killed are just oxen, sheep and pigs. In killing an animal everyone repeats the prayer-formula, "om Mani Padme Hum," for its soul, and butter lights are lit to light its soul's path.

Oxen, sheep and pigs are large animals, and the death of one of them provides enough meat for many people. We do not, like you, eat the smaller creatures. With us, one life taken and many people are fed; with you, often enough a life or more to a mouthful, perhaps a hundred lives to an ordinary dinner party, little creatures of all kinds, animals, birds, fishes, crustaceans. You cook some creatures alive. It is dreadful to think of it. It always calls up to my mind the witches of our myths, who killed people by boiling them alive and then ate them.

We have a custom in Tibet of dedicating animals to Heaven. Such are never killed. You decide for instance to dedicate a yak. You prepare four tags made of strips of colored cloth. One is affixed to each of its ears, another to the hair on its withers, the other on its tail. A lama (priest) then scatters a little *Ney* over the yak saying a prayer as he does so, and he gives it a name after some lake or mountain. The lama then smears some *tsamba* and some butter on its head and back and tail. The animal is thus consecrated and no one may take its life. Sheep and goats are consecrated in the same way, except that names are not always given them. In the case of pigs and chickens and so on, no tags are required and no names are given.

Especially merit attaches in our eyes to dedicating a pig, for yaks and sheep, undedicated, may or may not be killed, whereas a pig, undedicated, is almost certain to be killed for food sooner or later. Hence your dedication of it saves it from almost certain death. Dedicated creatures remain on the farm or in the herd, as you please; or you may, if you like, give them to the Gomba, or lamasery. In any case, their lives are preserved. No Tibetan would ever think of killing such an animal.

It is meritorious to restore their freedom to wild creatures, releasing them back to their natural surroundings; for instance, throwing fish back into the river, or freeing some captive bird or beast.

It was after my marriage to an Englishman that I was brought into the sphere of promiscuous slaughter which is your diet. At first I tried to counteract the guilt. Our cooks would take a life, and I would save one; for instance, for one chicken eaten, one was sent to the Gomba. But I could not keep up the pace, for my husband had to give large dinner parties; it was inseparable from his position. However, I saw to it that we ate, as far as possible, only the big things, not the little things which hardly make a course. But it is disturbing to think

when one goes out to meals how many lives have gone to the meal one is eating.

Retribution is sure when the decrees of Heaven are violated. The cripples, the blind, the twisted—all are the result of past lives. Everybody knows it, but mankind is incorrigible. They will take life, and risk it. To himself man is a jewel, something precious. He is afraid of pain and death. Sick, he sends for the doctor and the priest and prays. But animals he kills intentionally. He considers them different, not human. Yet they are just the same as he is. In a life to come he may easily be an animal and they men. The most perfect man cannot escape the guilt of taking life, but others take it wantonly. The hunter in the excitement of the chase thinks not of the quarry, but of himself, of his skill. His bullet hits the mark and he is overjoyed.

Foreign writers twit us with the difference between precept and practice in this matter of killing. They know our religion forbids the taking of life, and they see life is nevertheless taken, and they emphasize it to our disparagement. But you are much worse than we are in this very matter. We kill as little as possible. We do not disregard our religion, but make every effort to follow it. The wonder is not that things are killed, but that there is so little wanton killing. You, on the other hand, make no effort at all to avoid slaughter, yet your religion teaches in this regard the same precept as ours. But even without any definite religious precept everybody knows it is wrong to take life. Such knowledge is part of the human conscience. But you consider the interests of the lower animals must be sacrificed to those of the human race; hence your vivisection and your campaigns to exterminate flies and so on. Why then laugh at us who are white to your black in this matter?

The Sailor and His Cat

An incident on shipboard.

*A sailor bold was on a ship
That sailed the deep, blue sea;
On the same ship there was a cat
As white as white could be.*

*The man and cat both friendly were
As every one could see
For everywhere the sailor went
The cat was sure to be.*

*A man must have much good in him
Whose friend a cat would be;
A cat can judge of character,
That is quite clear to me.*

*If man and cat can friendly be
As these upon the sea,
It's sure that men can friendly be,
As sure as sure can be.*

*And nations, too, can friendly be
And never have a spat;—
Great statesmen take the hint they give—
The sailor and his cat.*

W. S.

Cruelty to Animals in MOTION PICTURES

Involves Maiming, Killing and Abuse
NOT SHOWN ON THE SCREEN

JOIN

The Jack London Club

FOR THE ABOLITION OF
PERFORMING ANIMAL TURNS

By sending your name to
OUR DUMB ANIMALS

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston



RIDING ON A YAK IN THE CHUMBI VALLEY, TIBET

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One thousand, one hundred and seventy-two new Bands of Mercy were reported during October. Of these 330 were in Texas, 173 in New Hampshire, 166 in Massachusetts, 164 in Virginia, 119 in South Carolina, 52 in Georgia, 48 in Florida, 47 in Rhode Island, 38 in Illinois, 17 in Pennsylvania, six in Maryland, six in New York, and one each in Delaware, Minnesota, Newfoundland, New Jersey, Nova Scotia and Vermont.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 204,792.

The Wring-off

LUCIA FESSENDEN GILBERT

It was a cold, bleak, windy day in the late autumn, and Trapper B. was just starting out to visit his trap-line. It was a long line, and he knew he could not visit it all that day, but he could make a beginning. He had bought a large supply of traps, of different sizes, and hoped to get a great many pelts. A drive of five miles on a narrow, winding, lonely road would bring him to the beginning of the trap-line.

"O Daddy, take me with you!" called little Tom, seeing his father start to get into the car. Tom was always ready for a ride.

"All right, son, come along. Hurry! And bundle up warm. This wind's got an edge to it." The little fellow hurried, and he and his father were soon off for a fine long jaunt together. They were very good friends, and Tom always said he wanted to be just like Daddy and do everything he did.

At the beginning of a long wooded valley which led far up among the hills, and down which ran a small stream, Mr. B. stopped the car, said good-bye to Tom, and started off up the trail alone, for the walk was much too long and rough and hard for five-year-old legs. But Tom always found plenty to do in the car. There were many pockets to be explored, and many funny knobs and handles to poke, and Daddy never forgot to leave two or three apples within reach. He had left the door open, so that Tom could scramble in and out as he pleased, and he was always good about not wandering off and getting into trouble. Mr. B.'s stalwart figure disappeared in the forest. After an hour or two Tom, though a plucky child, began to feel lonesome. Once he thought he heard, very far off, a strange, terrible, small wailing. It went on faintly, at a great distance, and couldn't seem to stop. Tom felt sorry about it, though he could not have told why, for he had no idea what it meant, and he thought he would like to crawl down on the floor of the car and play with some of the interesting little

iron things that his father always had in the tool-box. He liked such playthings, and was trying various experiments as he sat on the floor, while the wind seemed to be blowing harder than ever outside. Suddenly a violent gust caught the open door and furiously banged it shut.

Up in the woods Trapper B. was meeting some disappointments. In two traps he found only little raw feet. "Those confounded wring-offs!" he muttered. "What do the varmints want to bite their legs off for, I should like to know?" In several other traps he found small beasts still caught and still alive. He killed and skinned them, not waiting to see very carefully whether he had finished the first operation before he began the second, and then, swinging the pelts over his shoulder, he came down the road, whistling cheerfully. He would be glad to see Tom. Fine little chap! So glad he was not a girl, like the older children. In another five years he could go out on the trap-line and help.

As he drew nearer the road where the car stood—about a quarter of a mile away—he thought he heard much the same kind of shrieking wail that Tom had heard, only more muffled. It went on and on without a moment's pause, and it grew decidedly louder as he went on.

"Well, I've got more luck than I thought I had. I didn't remember that I set a trap down here, but I must have set one somewhere hereabouts. That's a trapped animal all right. There's nothing else sounds like it. It must be a rabbit. They always sound sort of human-like." He searched about, up and down, to find that trap.

At last he came out into the road. Clearer, wilder, much louder grew the frenzied wail. There was something that seemed like words mixed up in it. At last he heard, "Daddy!" With one terrific shout and scream and headlong rush, he reached the automobile and pulled the tightly-jammed door open.

No, Tom did not die. They rushed him to the far-away village doctor in time to have his hand amputated and save him from blood-poison. But he had gone crazy. He was never the same again.

That was Tom's "wring-off."

(An experienced trapper told the writer that this was an accurate story.)



"Sambo," Talking Spaniel

FOR nine years "Sambo," a spaniel who is reported to have talked with human words in making his wants known, was the valued pet of Mrs. Inez B. Scott and her son, of Warren St., Boston. But the dog's life was accidentally snuffed out by an automobile this fall. "His jolly, 'Ah wanna go owut more!'; his teasing 'Ah wan' 'um more' and many other astonishing requests made us realize all a dog could do with his vocal cords besides bark or cry," writes Mrs. Scott, who sends the above picture of this really remarkable animal. The dog now rests in Hillside Acre, the animal cemetery of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen.

Albert-Ross and Kitti-Wake

Answers to Birds' Names' Puzzle Published on the Children's Page Last Month

1, Jenny Wren. 2, Jack Daw. 3, Parson Finch. 4, Tailor bird. 5, Black cat. 6, Cygnet (ring). 7, Blackbird. 8, Kingfisher. 9, Puffin. 10, Swallow. 11, Bird of Paradise. 12, Peacock. 13, Laughing jackass. 14, Lyre bird. 15, Humming-bird. 16, Canary. 17, Crane. 18, Pelican. 19, Kit. 20, Bunting. 21, Ducks and Drakes. 22, Stormy petrel. 23, Duck. 24, Goose. 25, Owl. 26, Rook. 27, Quail. 28, Grouse. 29, Thrush. 30, Flycatcher. 31, Nightingale. 32, Toucan.

Though it may be that the man who protects an animal from ill-treatment acts solely with the object of befriending the animal, yet none the less the kindly deed reacts upon his own character, and makes him a better citizen. PRINCE OF WALES



LITTLE JEAN LOVELY, SUDBURY, MASS., AND PETS



CHRISTMAS COMES TO THE ANIMAL PETS

The Little Lizard

LEONIE HUNTER

ONE day a neighbor who had newly come to California from the East called me out to see what she called a "queer creature." "It looks something like a snake and I was wondering if we ought to kill it," she said. It turned out to be nothing more formidable than a little lizard, or swift as we more commonly call them. It was still sitting in the sun where she had first found it, but retreated hastily under some old boards when she stepped closer to get a better view of it.

She was assured that far from being harmful they are really friendly little fellows. I told her about the little pet lizard I once had who came out from his hiding place under the steps whenever he heard my voice. He would cock his little head in a friendly listening attitude. Of course it is necessary to assume a gentle tone. I have heard that some of them become so tame, they can be touched. This stage must be worked up to gradually, however, or the timid little creature will drop its tail and run off in alarm. Gradually the tail grows back again after such a catastrophe.

So the little lizard's life was spared.

Smoky's Christmas

VERA L. SHATTUC

SMOKY" may not know the meaning of it all, but she certainly had a wonderful time last Christmas. Being a cat, she was curious when the little tree was brought in. Evergreen trees were nothing new to her, but it was strange to have one set up on the parlor table. She had to climb up into the branches and sniff it all over right away.

When bright green, yellow and red balls appeared, she had to get up again and sniff them each one. They were really interesting for they would bob and dance about when she patted them. The big blue ball, when she struck it, flew right off the tree with a tinkle which summoned "Pup." He found a bright new treasure to add to his cache in the big arm-chair. Most interesting of all the ornaments was a red bell with a real clapper which was hung in a circle of tinsel. Once, in the middle of the night, we heard it ring again and again and knew that Smokey must be admiring the tree. She was so successful in untrimming it that we finally left the lower branches bare.

Packages, too, were interesting and she sniffed them all over. One little one was especially interesting and she carried it off and tried to unwrap it herself, using both her teeth and claws. Then she rolled over and over on it. It really did have her name on it but we had not expected to give it till the next day when the family had their packages. Can you guess what it was? Yes, catnip.

Santa had not forgotten anyone, not even the "Old Lady," our mammy cat, or Pup. Smoky could not read so the others had to wait till Christmas day for their presents.

Pup and Old Lady refused to get excited about their gifts,—they were always fed anyway. But never before had there been such paper to rustle, to hide under and to scoot across the floor. Crumpled tissue paper made such wonderful light balls for Smoky to bat about! Pup would capture one, carry it into the corner and tear it to shreds. He would get hold of a long string or ribbon and start off with that but Smoky would pounce on the knot. Then some one would always swing it about for them and there was a scramble to see whether Pup or Puss would get it. Oh, Christmas was fun!

My Kitty Waif

ELLA C. FORBES

*Whenever I walk along Sudbury Street,
There's a poor little kitty I'm certain to meet.
A nice little tabby, but Oh, so shabby,
With such dirty shoes on her four little feet.*

*If nobody owns her, she's coming to me,
And after a little, how different she'll be;
Her coat will be silky, and she'll be so fat
That kitty won't know she's the same little cat.*

*She'll sleep in a basket so snuggly and warm,
And soon she'll forget all the hunger and harm
Of the days when she wandered on Sudbury Street
With such dirty shoes on her four little feet.*

For answers to last month's puzzle, please see page 190 of this number.

At the Columbus Convention

EVERYBODY present at the fifty-eighth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, in Columbus, Ohio, October 9-11, pronounced it one of the best and most interesting gatherings of the kind yet held. There was good attendance, able speakers, including Governor George White of Ohio, and many valuable discussions of pertinent anti-cruelty topics. The hosts, led by President Amy W. Gill of the local Humane Society, made everybody feel at home, even taking all the delegates to visit the Society's modern shelter, which serves as the dog pound of the city, a building and equipment of which Columbus is justly proud.

The first half of the program dealt with matters pertaining to children's work, the climax coming with the public meeting Tuesday evening, when an array of Ohio legal lights discussed juvenile courts, the Hon. Roland W. Gaggott of Dayton delivering an address characterized by rare humor. Wednesday afternoon was given up to humane education, with papers by Mrs. Charles S. Joyce of Pikesville, Md., Professor Leo P. Schleck of Madison, Wis., and Guy Richardson of Boston, Mass. Wilford E. Sanderson of the American Humane Association followed with a presentation of the progress being made in trap reform. At various sessions slides were shown by E. L. Wickliff of Columbus, "Food Habits of Hawks and Owls"; and films by J. W. Stuber of Columbus, "Conservation in Ohio"; and Eric H. Hansen of St. Louis, "A Day with the Humane Society of Missouri."

Thursday Rev. A. W. S. Garden of Pittsburgh discussed the problem of the stray dog; Mrs. Charles M. Kindel of Grand Rapids, gave a vivid account of how Michigan met the problem of feeding livestock shipped into the state by the Government; Robert F. Sellar of Boston presented an exhaustive study of efforts to prevent livestock losses; Wm. F. H. Wentzel of Pittsburgh told of the progress in perfecting the lethal chamber for the destruction of small animals; and Mrs. Frank Sweeney described her efforts in organizing a Humane Society in Memphis, Tenn.

The annual banquet was held Wednesday evening with a large attendance. Officers including President Sydney H. Coleman and General Manager N. J. Walker, and directors of the Society, were re-elected for the ensuing year.

An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.

JOHNSON

Animal Performances

Editorial in Times-Journal, St. Thomas, Ontario

A SHOCKING story is reported from Rochester, N.Y., when, in the presence of thousands of spectators, a lion, which had been trained to ride on a horse's back, suddenly attacked the horse in the arena, and killed it. Satisfied with its handiwork, the lion then completed its performance. The reason attributed for the act is that the ground had been wet owing to rain and the horse slipped once or twice and nearly threw the lion off. In his catty mind, Leo no doubt reasoned it was done on purpose and wreaked revenge. The spectators must have been horrified at the gory spectacle, but the trainer was not disturbed. He says he will train another horse for the stunt.

On Wednesday a lion broke out of a cage during a circus parade at Richmond, Va., clawed and bit two horses, and was shot before it killed anybody.

The Rochester incident should win many recruits for the Jack London Club, the members of which do not patronize entertainments where there are animal performances; or, if there are any which they were not aware of before going in, they walk out until the particular turn is over.

Some circuses have renounced wild animal performances altogether in deference to public opinion. It is not edifying to see wild beasts, so cowed by fear that they obey their trainers, do things which are as unnatural and as foreign to their nature as it would be for human beings to walk on all fours and do tricks. One cannot but admire the courage of the men and women who become animal trainers, but all of them admit that they only make these beasts respond through fear. Actual physical cruelty may not be a component part of the method of attaining that end, but there are other ways of inculcating fear, such as firing blank cartridges in their faces which fill all wild beasts with abject terror. There is no such thing as a "tame" wild animal. The term is contradictory in expression and fact. Animal "tamers" merely acquire dominion over wild animals by fear.

It seems the utmost of cruelty to put such a harmless, domestic animal as a horse into an arena with lions, when it is not fitted by nature to defend itself if the jungle animal takes it into its head to attack it, and it is to be hoped that circus proprietors will put an end to that type of turn at least.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

DOCTOR THINKRIGHT, Clarence Hawkes.

This story by the blind author of some forty successful books, many of which related to animals and have been reviewed in these pages, is the kind of volume that will be welcome in any Christmas stocking. It is indeed encouraging to find a work of fiction so sincere, so straight from the heart of a fine thinker. Like its great forerunner, "A Christmas Carol," it is too good to be true, but it brings vividly the cheerful spirit of Dickens into our troubled age. It is wholesome, delightful, inspiring both to young and old.

157 pp. \$1.50. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

Unlicensed Dogs Property

Lacker vs. Straus

Massachusetts Laws, Vol. 226; page 579.

By the common law, as well as by the law of most states, dogs are so far recognized as property that an action will lie for their conversion or injury.

The general rule supported by the weight of authority is that the owner of a dog, licensed or unlicensed, may maintain an action for damages against any person or corporation willfully or negligently killing or injuring the animal.

We are of the opinion the general rule should be followed as one sound in principle.

The unlicensed dog was not a trespasser and outlaw upon the public highway.

From Supreme Court decision

Semi-Annual Statement

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of *Our Dumb Animals*, published monthly at Norwood, Mass., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Publishers—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Norwood, Mass.

Editor—Guy Richardson, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Managing Editor—Francis H. Rowley, President, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Business managers—Officers of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Charitable Corporation). All funds and property controlled by Board of Directors, Francis H. Rowley, President; Guy Richardson, Secretary; Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer.

Guy Richardson, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this twenty-sixth day of October, 1934.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
(My commission expires Jan. 21, 1938)

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.
All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100.00	Active Annual	\$10.00
Associate Life	50.00	Associate Annual	5.00
Sustaining	20.00	Annual	1.00
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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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